

SPOTLIGHT

IDW

CVR A

ROBERTS
PADILLA
LAFUENTE

THE TRANS



FORMERS



HOIST

SPOTLIGHT

IDW

CVR B

ROBERTS
PADILLA
LAFUENTE

THE TRANSFORMERS
FORMERS

HOIST

David Rodriguez

THE TRANSFORMERS

STORY SO FAR:

When the starship Lost Light left Cybertron to search for the legendary Knights of Cybertron, Hoist was part of the crew... but he may have found something he wasn't counting on...

(Editor's note: This story takes place between Transformers: More Than Meets the Eye #5 and 6)

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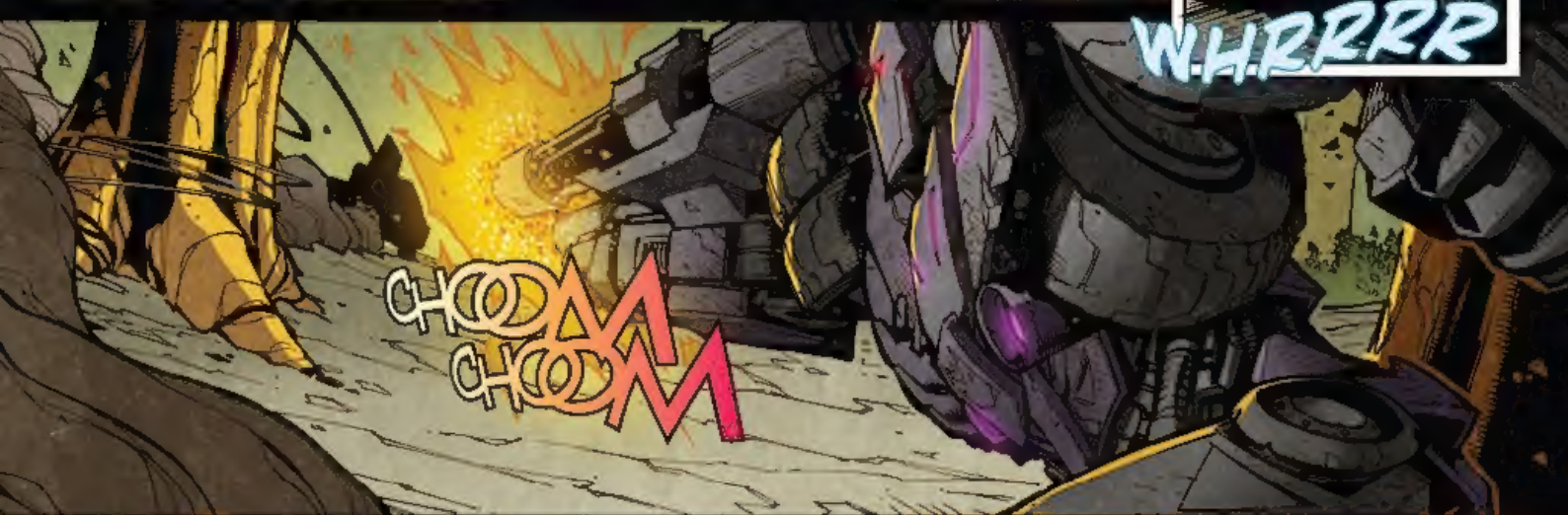


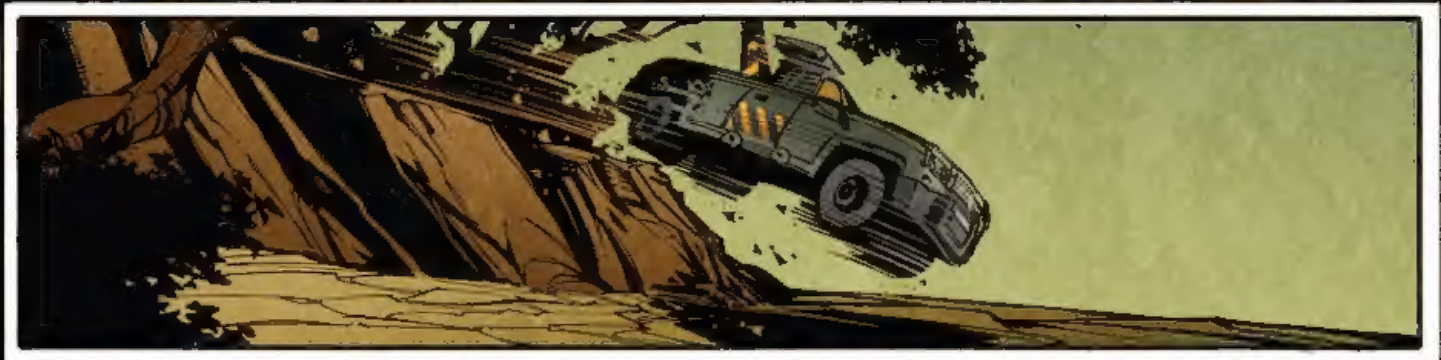
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THE PLANET
DEIMUS.

THE WAITING GAME









HI, *HOIST*!
FIND ANYTHING
WORTH—

NOT
NOW!



NICE. I
WONDER WHAT
CRAWLED UP *HIS*
EXHAUST?

HE'S EITHER
BEING *CHASED*
OR HE FINDS
YOUR VOICE
INTENSELY
IRRITATING.

YEAH, CHEERS
FOR THAT,
SUNSTREAKER.
I LOVE YOU
TOO.




INITIATING
CLOAKING
PROCEDURES!



HE'S BEING
CHASED.

BUT YOUR
VOICE IS
IRRITATING.



SEE THAT
SWERVE?
THAT THING
THERE?

THE
SCANNER
SCOPE?

DO NOT
TRUST THE
SCANNER SCOPE.
THE SCANNER
SCOPE **LIES**.

DON'T TELL
ME: IT SAID
THERE WERE NO
LIFE SIGNS OUT
THERE AND—

AND I FIND
THE **WORST**
LIFE SIGN OF
ALL: **TARN**.

WHOA.
STOP. WAIT.
REWIND.

TARN
"LEADER OF THE
DECEPTICON
JUSTICE DIVISION"
TARN?

KNOWN TO HIS
FRIENDS AS "**TARN
THE UNSTOPPABLE
KILLING MACHINE**"?

TARN'S **HERE?**
ON THIS
PLANET?!

ON THE
SAME ACTUAL
PLANET **WE'RE**
ON?!

BUT—

HE—

I—

WE—

IGNORE
HIM AND TELL
ME WHAT
HAPPENED.

I WAS
SCOPING
OUT THE AREA
AND HE JUST...
APPEARED!

BUT IT'S
OKAY, I'VE CLOAKED
US. I PRESSED THE—
WHATEVER IT IS. THE
CLOAKING BUTTON.
WE'RE **INVISIBLE**.

YEAH, 'TIL WE
USE UP THE SHIP'S
ENERGY RESERVES
AND BECOME
VISIBLE AGAIN!

WHICH IN **THIS**
CONTEXT IS THE SAME AS
WAVING A BIG RED FLAG AND
SINGING ALL TEN VERSES OF,
"**HERE WE ARE BADGE
FACE, WHY NOT COME
AND MURDER US
TO DEATH.**"

SO HOW
LONG D'YOU
THINK WE'VE
GOT?

SIX HOURS UNTIL FULL VISIBILITY.

NOW, I'M NOT ONE TO APPORTION BLAME, BUT SUNSTREAKER? THIS IS PHENOMENALLY YOUR FAULT.

THERE WE WERE ON THE *LOST LIGHT*, ALL SET FOR A QUIET TRIP TO A *DESERTED DECEPTICON OUTPOST*—Y'KNOW, MAYBE FIND SOME *LEFTOVER ENERGON*—AND THEN YOU ROCK UP: THE VAINEST AUTOBOT SINCE RECORDS BEGAN.

"OH, I'LL COME ALONG! I'LL PILOT THE SHUTTLE!"

I DIDN'T—

HALF AN HOUR LATER: *CRASH!*

LOOK, I HAPPEN TO BE A *PRETTY AMAZING PILOT*. IN THIS INSTANCE, AS WE WERE COMING IN TO LAND, SOMETHING ON THE *RADAR SCREEN* CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD.

YOU WERE DISTRACTED BY YOUR OWN REFLECTION!

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE...

...AT LEAST THE FALLOUT FROM THE HEAT COILS DIDN'T MELT YOU INTO THE CEILING.

TECHNICALLY, *PERCEPTOR*, SINCE THE SHUTTLE'S UPSIDE-DOWN, THAT'S THE FLOOR.

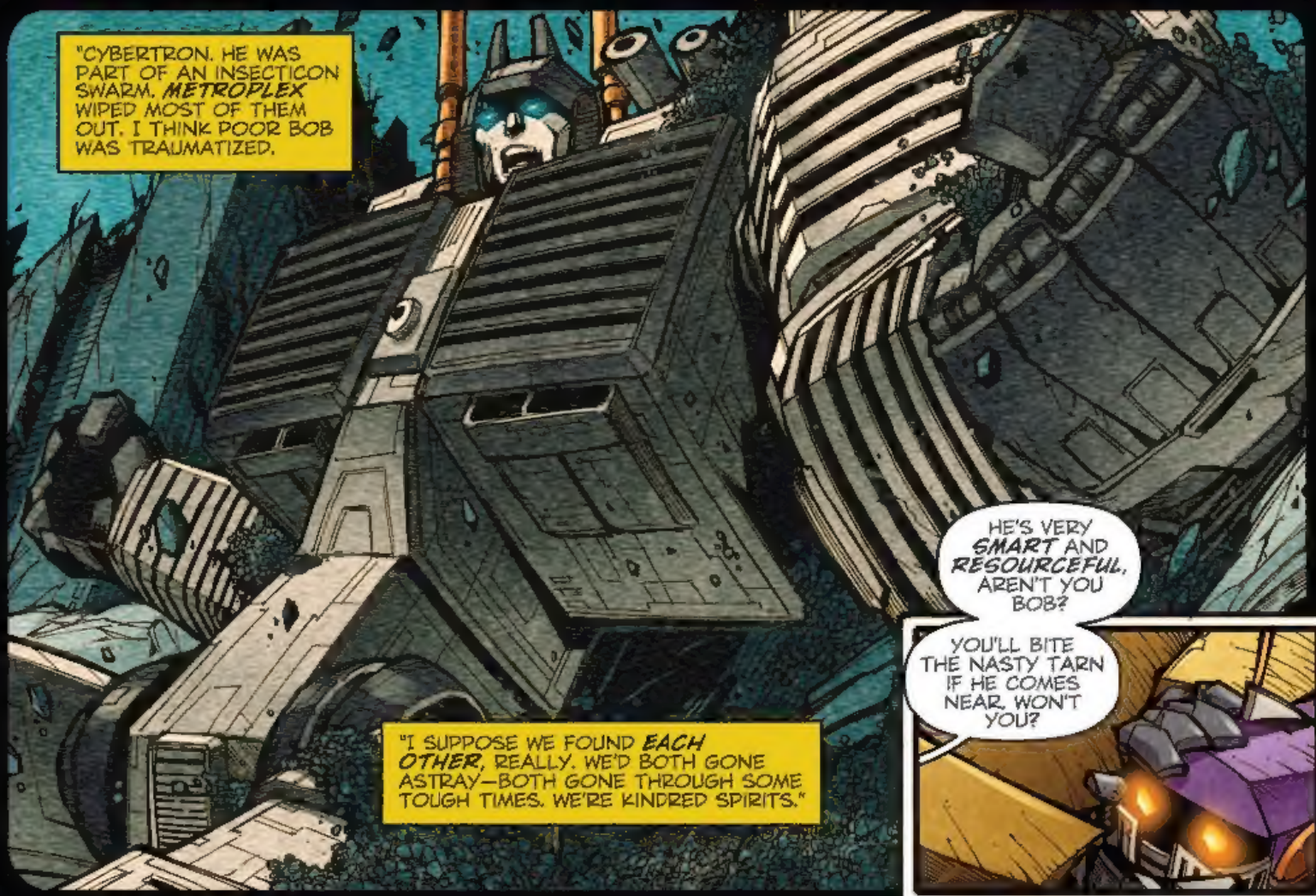
DID YOU JUST *CORRECT* THE SMARTEST AUTOBOT OF ALL TIME?

YEP, AN' HE *HATES* IT. LOOK—HE'S *IGNORING* ME NOW.

ANY LUCK CONTACTING THE *LOST LIGHT*, HOIST?

THEY'RE NOT ANSWERING. I'LL KEEP TRYING, BUT—THEY'LL COME. THEY'LL RESCUE US.

I HOPE SO. BECAUSE AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE.



ARE YOU
KIDDING?!
TARN WILL EAT
HIM ALIVE!

I'VE SEEN THIS
GUY IN ACT ON!
HIM AND THE REST
OF THE D.J.D.! IT
WAS LIKE--

IT WAS THE
WORST THING
I HAVE EVER
SEEN. AND I'VE
WATCHED GRIMLOCK
SLICE OUT HIS
WASTE PIPE.

WELL, IT
MUST'VE BEEN
BAD IF YOU
WERE FREAKED
OUT.

I MEAN,
WHAT WITH
YOU BEING SO
INCREDIBLY
BRAVE AND
EVERYTHING.

SWERVE
IDOL OF MILLIONS

EXACTLY.
IT'S NOT
LIKE I--

—HEY! I AM
BRAVE! WHO
SAID I WASN'T
BRAVE?

THE 200
AUTOBOTS ON
THE LOST LIGHT WHO
VOTED YOU SHIP'S
COWARD YOU WERE
TOO SCARED TO
ATTEND THE AWARD
CEREMONY, REMEMBER?

HAR HAR,
FOR YOUR
INFORMATION,
APART FROM
TARN AND THE
D.J.D., I'M
SCARED OF--

(ONE, TWO,
THREE,
FOUR...)

FIVE
THINGS IN
THIS LIFE:

ONE,
MEGATRON.

(OBSVIOUSLY)

TWO,
OVERLORD.

THREE,
SIXSHOT.

FOUR,
SHOCKWAVE.

AND
FIVE, SOME
NIGHTMARE
COMBINATION
OF MEGATRON,
OVERLORD,
SIXSHOT AND
SHOCKWAVE.

THEY CAN'T
COMBINE...!

MATTER
OF TIME.

DECEPTICONS
ARE OBSESSED WITH
COMBINING. PUT TWO OF
'EM IN A ROOM AND WITHIN
SECONDS ONE WILL BE
STANDING ON THE
OTHER'S SHOULDERS.
FACT.

**TWO HOURS UNTIL
FULL VISIBILITY.**

JUST—

—STOP—

—TALKING!

I'VE HARDLY
SAID A WORD! I'VE
BEEN LISTENING TO
HOIST TELL US ABOUT
BLURR WINNING
THE BEX CUP!

WHAT?!
THAT WASN'T
HOIST, THAT
WAS YOU!

WAS
IT?

I WOULDN'T MIND
ALL THE CHATTER,
BUT HALF THE TIME IT'S
DIG, DIG, DIG, HAVE A GO
AT SUNSTREAKER. WHY
NOT PICK ON—ON HOIST
FOR A CHANGE?

HOIST?
NAH.

WHY? WHY
NOT?

LOOK AT
THE GUY! I'VE
GOT NOTHING
TO WORK
WITH!

IF SOMEONE
SAID TO ME,
"THAT HOIST,
WHAT'S HE LIKE?"
I'D SAY, "HE'S
GREEN"

AND IF
THEY SAID, "NO,
BUT WHAT'S HE
REALLY LIKE?" I'D
SAY, "HE'S GREEN
AND HE'S GOT A
TOW LINE."

I'M RIGHT
HERE, YOU
KNOW!

NO
OFFENSE,
HOIST

OFFENSE
TAKEN! OFFENSE
MASSIVELY TAKEN!

YOU ARE
GREEN,
THOUGH.

YOU KNOW
WHY YOU CAN'T
GET A HANDLE ON
ME? BECAUSE I'M
AN ORDINARY
PERSON. I'M
NORMAL.

I'M JUST
A MID-RANKING
MAINTENANCE
ENGINEER WHO TAKES
EACH DAY AS IT COMES.
I'M NOT PARTICULARLY
CHATTY, HANDSOME,
OR CLEVER, BUT YOU
KNOW WHAT? I GET
BY I *MANAGE*.

SO DON'T
DISMISS ME JUST
BECAUSE—UNLIKE
ALL YOUR PALS ON
THE LOST LIGHT—MY
PERSONALITY ISN'T
THE PRODUCT OF
A CRIPPLING
PSYCHOLOGICAL
DISORDER.

ONE HOUR UNTIL
FULL VISIBILITY.

I'M
JUST SAYING I'VE
BEEN IN TIGHTER
SPOTS THAN THIS, THAT'S
ALL. I REMEMBER ONCE I
WAS **BLOWN TO PIECES** - I
ENDED UP AT THE BOTTOM
OF **JUDA'S BRIDGE** BACK
ON CYBERTRON. I WAS
PRESUMED DEAD!

YEAH, I
CAN IMAGINE
THE SCENE...

HEY,
WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO
SUNST-

DEAD,
PRESUMABLY.

OKAY,
MOVING
ON...

SWERVE, THE
DAY YOU DIE,
YOUR **MOUTH** WILL
CARRY ON. THEY'LL
HAVE TO FIRE IT
INTO SPACE TO GET
SOME PEACE.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, HOIST? ANY
NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCES
THAT'LL HELP PUT OUR
CURRENT PREDICAMENT
INTO PERSPECTIVE?

UM...
NONE THAT I
PARTICULARLY
WANT TO TALK
ABOUT.

HEY,
NO WORRIES.
YOU WANT TO
KEEP STUFF TO
YOURSELF,
THAT'S FINE.

THANK YOU,
SWERVE. I
APPRECIATE
THAT.

URGE TO
SPEAK 96%

97%

98%

99%



100%

SO WHAT
HAPPENED?

FOR THE
LOVE OF—

—LOOK, IF I
TELL YOU, DO
YOU PROMISE TO
KEEP QUIET FOR
FIVE MINUTES?

NO, BUT FOR
THE PURPOSES OF
THIS CONVERSATION
LET'S SAY YES.



OKAY, SO
PRETEND THIS
IS A **COMMUTER
SHIP**, RIGHT?
KALIS TO IBEX
AND BACK AGAIN,
EVERY SIX
HOURS.

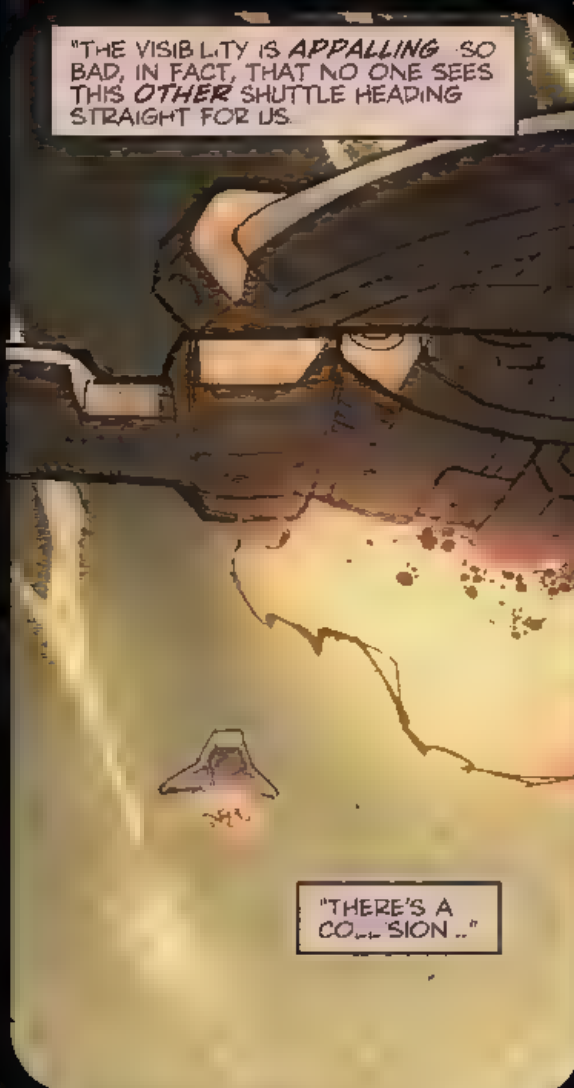


"FOUR MILLION YEARS
AGO, AND I'M ON THIS
SHIP ME AND 26 OTHERS.

"I NEVER KNEW THEIR NAMES.
TRAVELLED WITH THEM
THOUSANDS OF TIMES. NEVER
KNEW THEIR NAMES.

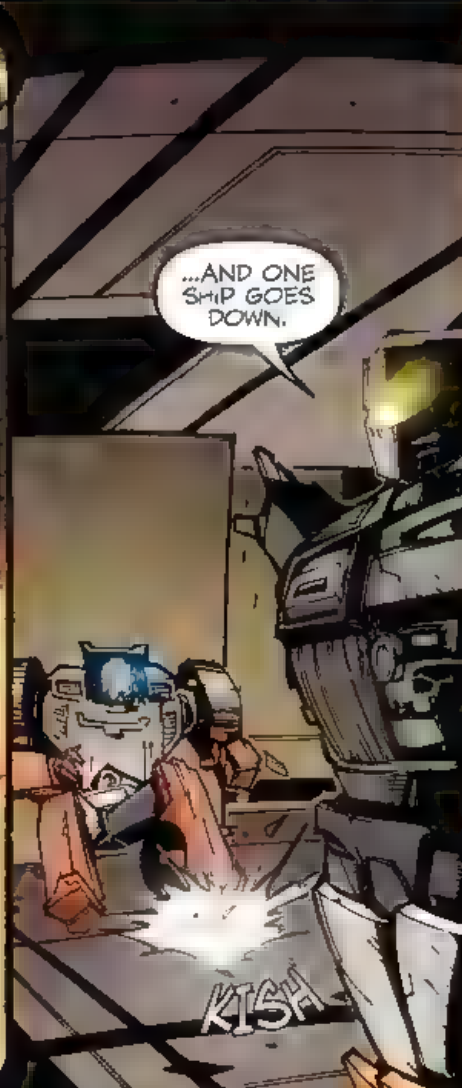
"IT'S SUNRISE—NOT THAT YOU'D
KNOW IT—AND WE'RE FLYING
OVER THE **RUST SPOT**. WE
SHOULDN'T BE—THE STORMS
MAKE IT ONE OF THE MOST
DANGEROUS REGIONS OF
CYBERTRON—BUT OUR NEW
PLOT THINKS HE'S SOMETHING
SPECIAL. THINKS HE CAN SHAVE
AN HOUR OFF THE JOURNEY.

"ONE. HOUR."



"THE VISIBILITY IS **APPALLING**—SO
BAD, IN FACT, THAT NO ONE SEES
THIS **OTHER** SHUTTLE HEADING
STRAIGHT FOR US.

"THERE'S A
CO^{ORDI}NATION..."



...AND ONE
SHIP GOES
DOWN.

KISH



"I WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

"AT FIRST I STAYED AT
THE CRASH SITE, WAITING
FOR SOMEONE TO COME
LOOKING FOR ME. MAYBE
THEY'D. BUT GIVEN THE
SIZE OF RUST SPOT—THE
STORMS—WHO KNOWS?"

"IN THE END I STARTED
WALKING JUST LOOKING
FOR A WAY OUT, Y'KNOW?"

"I WALKED UNTIL MY
SERVOS SEIZED UP, AND
THEN I JUST... SAT."

"AND I CAN'T TELL YOU EXACTLY WHEN, BUT THERE
CAME A POINT WHEN I WAS CERTAIN—ABSOLUTELY
CONVINCED—THAT I WOULD NEVER BE FOUND.
THAT I WOULD DIE **ALONE**, IN UTTER ISOLATION,
WITHOUT EVER SEEING ANOTHER CYBERTRONIAN FACE."

CRUIKEY

WISH I
HADN'T
ASKED
NOW.

SORRY,
SWERVE—I
NEARLY HIT
YOU. LET ME
JUST—

OH
MY—!
WHAT IS
THAT?

YOU'RE
LEAKING!
BADLY!

IT'S
NOTHING.

IT'S **NOT**
NOTHING! IT'S—
YOU'VE SUFFERED
SEVERE ENERGON
LOSS, AND YOU
KNEW!

ALL THAT
TALKING—ALL
THAT **NONSENSE**—
IT WAS A
DISTRACTION,
WASN'T IT?

YOU DIDN'T
WANT US TO
KNOW HOW
BADLY YOU
WERE HURT...

I'VE RUPTURED
MY SPARK CASING.
I'M FADING. IT
HAPPENS. NOTHING
ANYONE CAN DO
ABOUT IT. NOT
DOWN HERE.

UNLESS WE GET HIM TO A MEDIBAY QUICKLY HE'S NOT GOING TO MAKE IT. WE NEED TO GET BACK TO THE LOST LIGHT.

WE SHOULD GO OUTSIDE. TAKE THE FIGHT TO TARN. THE D.J.D. MUST HAVE THE MEANS TO GET OFF THIS PLANET - A TRANSMAT OR A SHUTTLE OR SOMETHING.

NO!

SWERVE, I KNOW I'M JUST SOME GREEN GUY WITH A TOW LINE, BUT I CAN'T STAND HERE AND LET YOU—

YES YOU CAN! I DON'T WANT ANYONE RISKING THEIR LIVES TO SAVE A THREE-FINGERED LOUDMOUTH LIKE—

MEEAARRRGH!

WE DIDN'T BRING ANY WEAPONS WITH US. WHAT'RE WE GONNA USE AGAINST TARN?

GIMME FIVE MINUTES...

"...AND I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN RUSTLE UP."

I KNOW IT'S NEITHER THE TIME NOR THE PLACE, BUT DAMN WE LOOK GOOD.

I THINK WE SHOULD SPLIT UP.

AGREED. KEEP WITHIN A 30-KLIK RADIUS OF THE SHIP AND USE THE COMMUN CATORS TO KEEP N TOUCH.

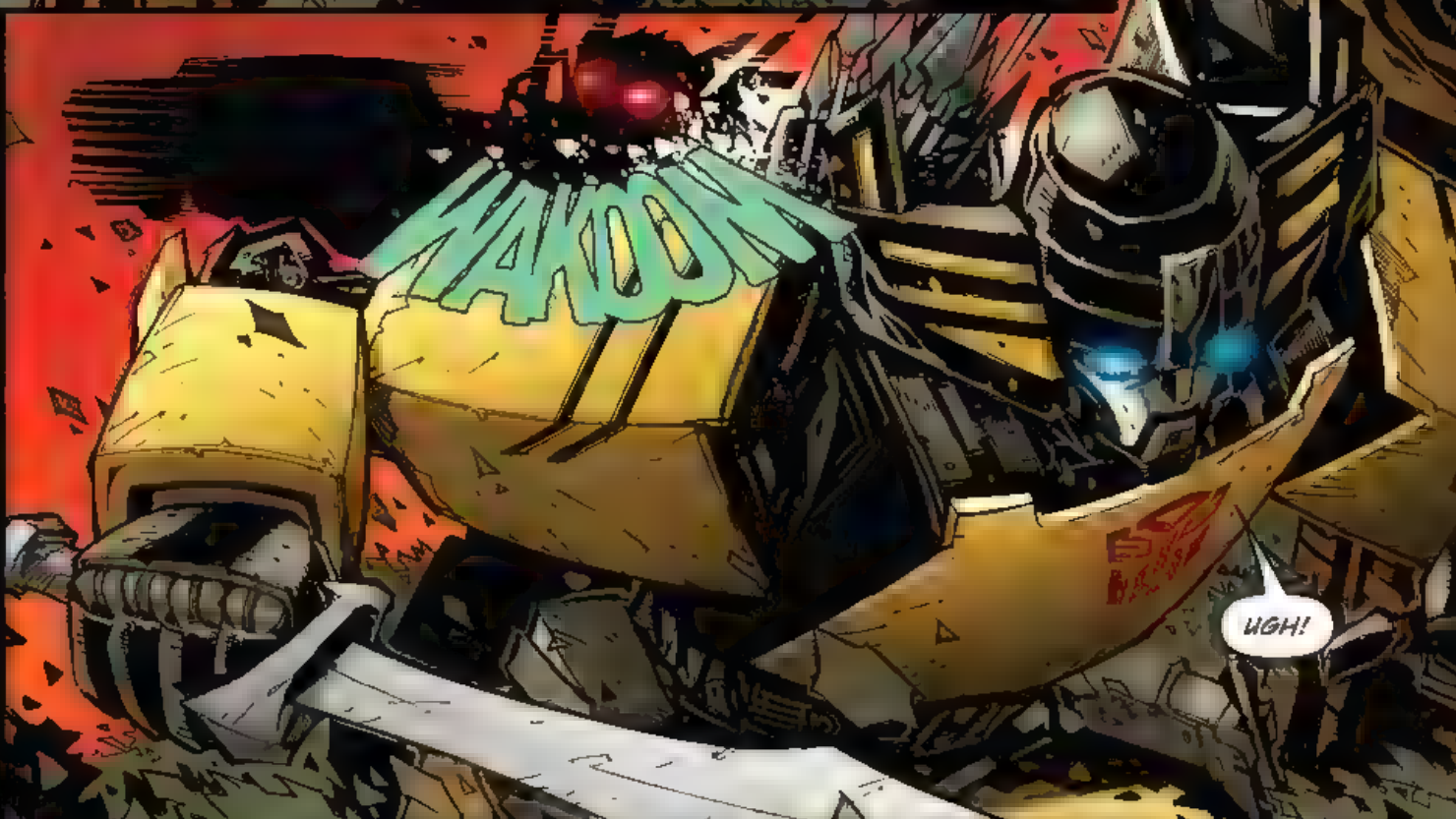
IF YOU SEE ANYTHING, AVOID IT. IF ANYTHING SEES YOU, ATTACK IT.

FOUND ANYTHING?

NEGATIVE.

YOU ALRIGHT? YOU DON'T *SOUND* ALRIGHT.

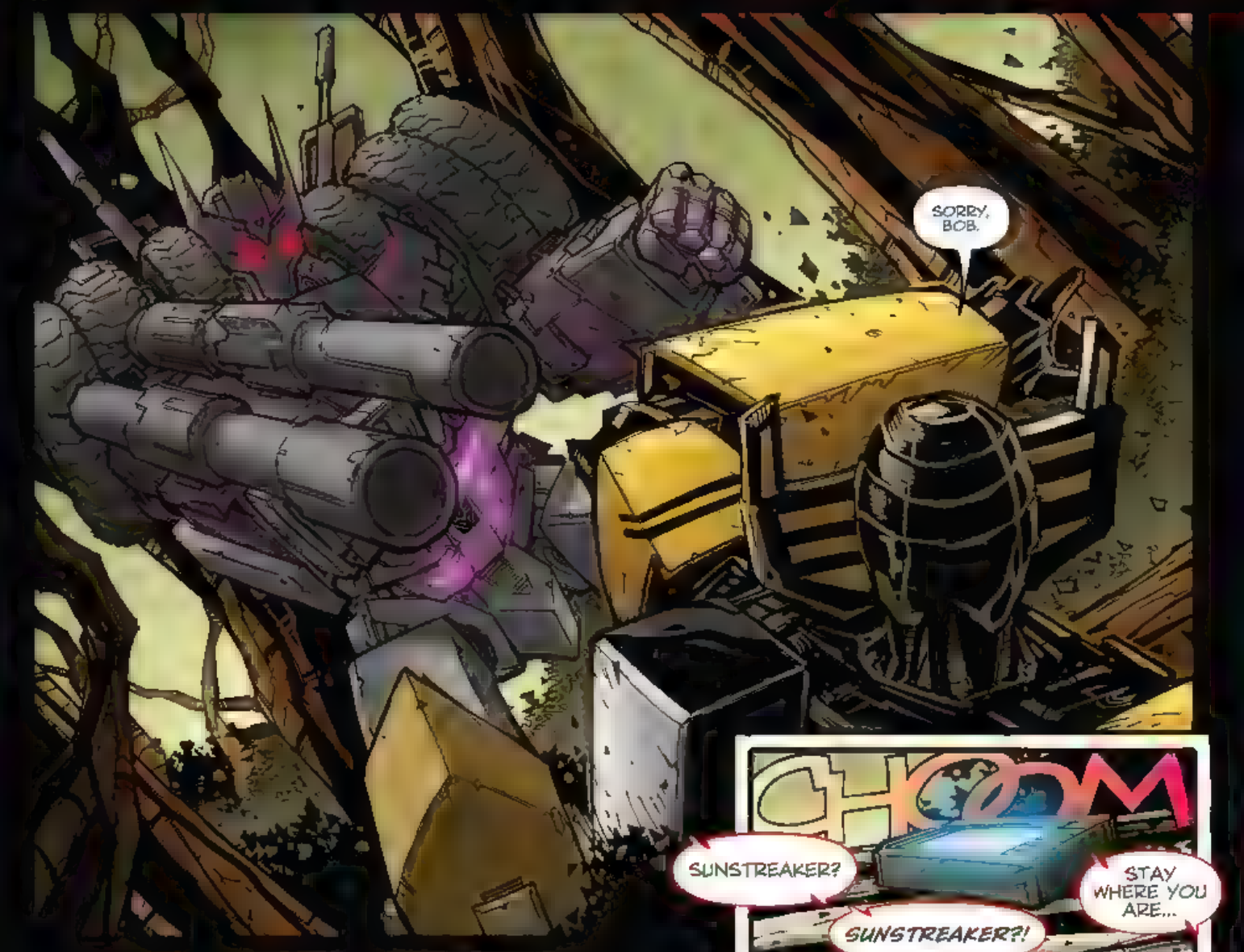
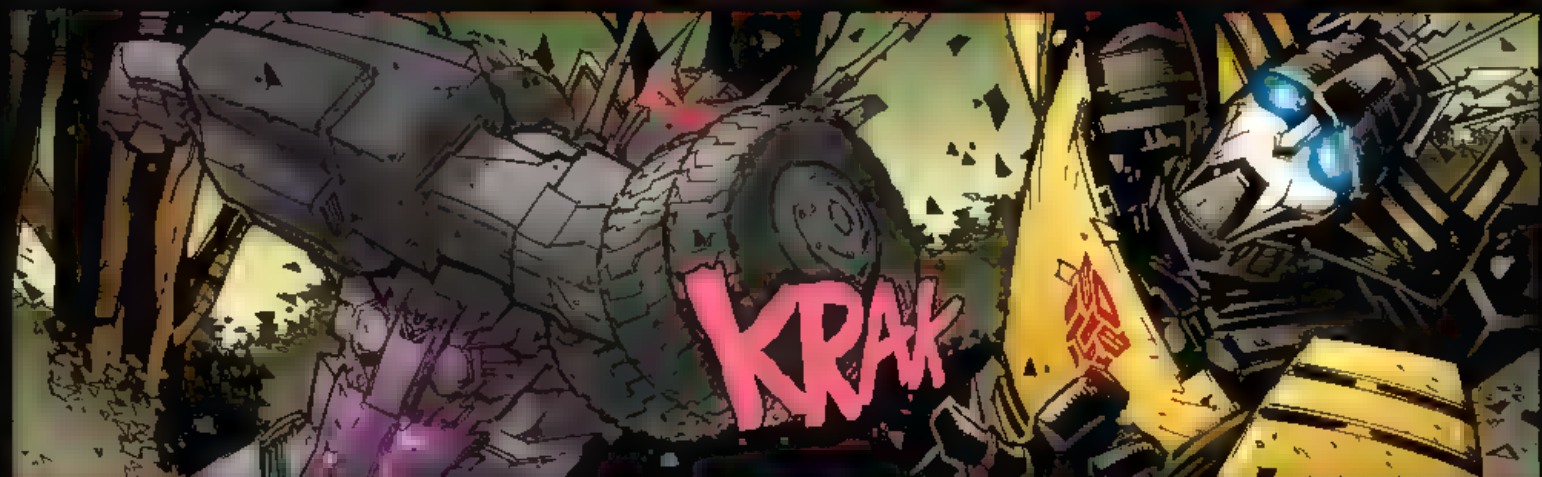
I DIDN'T SAY GOODBYE TO BOB. I WAS TOO BUSY ADMIR NG MY—



UGH!

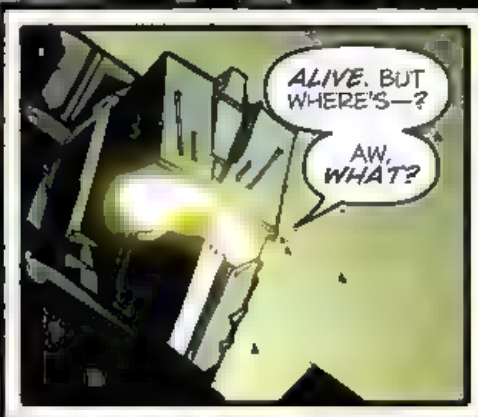
COME ON THEN!



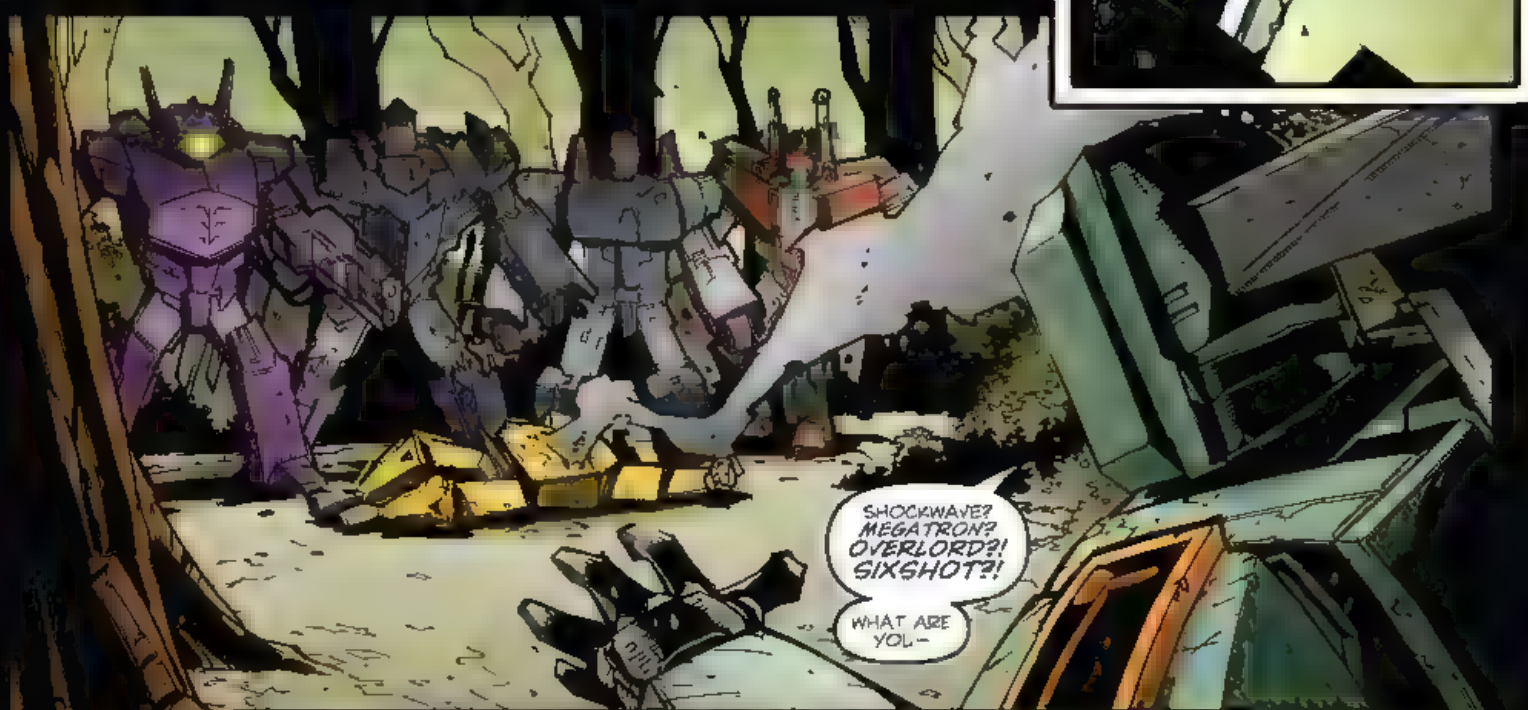




".. I'M COMING!"



ALIVE. BUT
WHERE'S—?
AW,
WHAT?



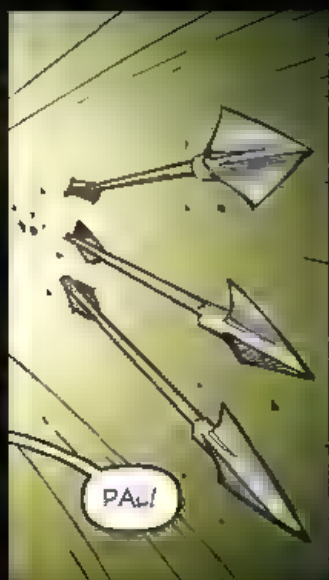
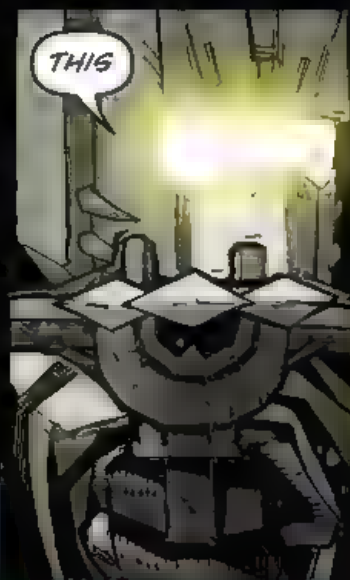
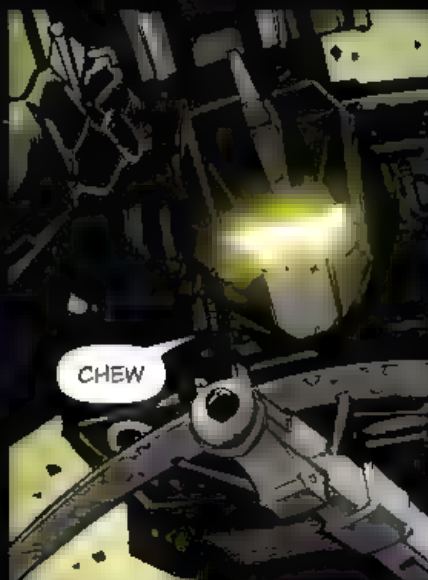
SHOCKWAVE?
MEGATRON?
OVERLORD?!
SIXSHOT?!

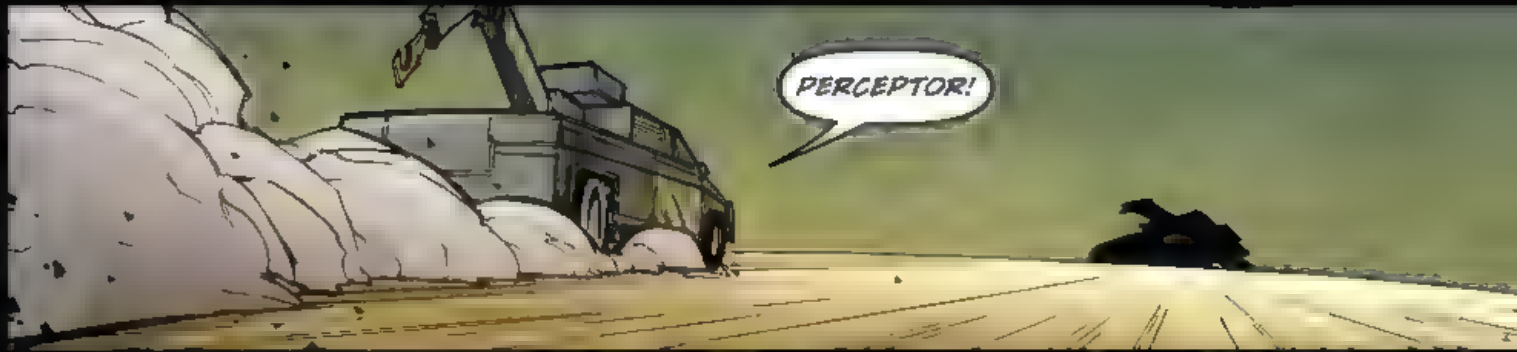
WHAT ARE
YOU—



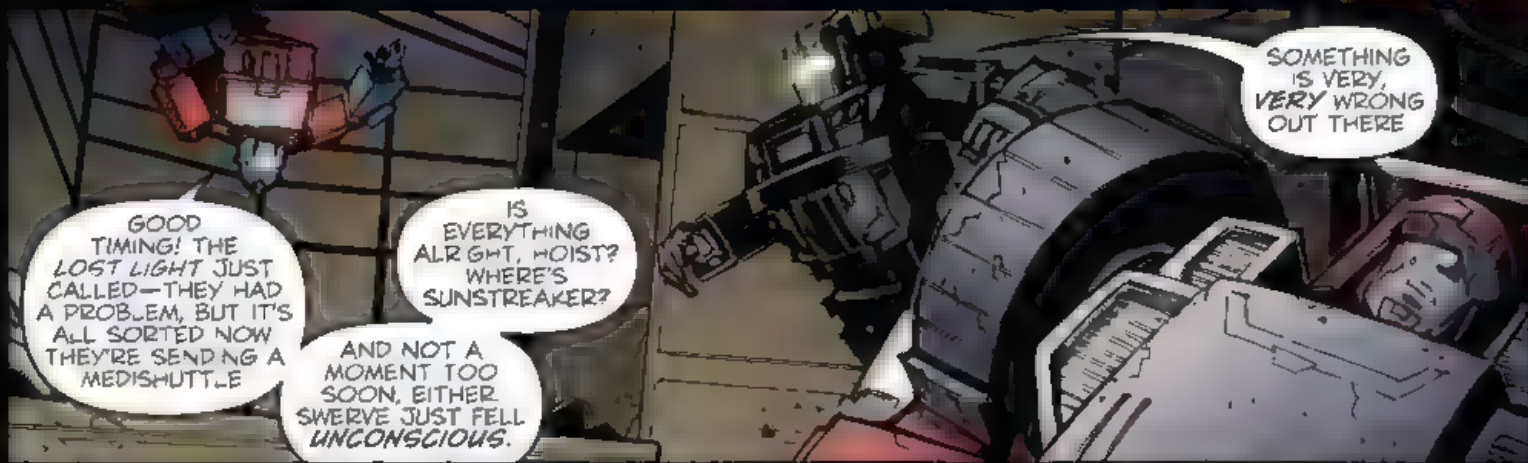
OVERMEGASIXWAVE
IS A BIT OF A
MOUTHFUL.

HOW
ABOUT WE
JUST GO FOR
UGLY?





PERCEPTOR!



SOMETHING IS VERY, VERY WRONG OUT THERE

GOOD TIMING! THE LOST LIGHT JUST CALLED—THEY HAD A PROBLEM, BUT IT'S ALL SORTED NOW THEY'RE SENDING A MEDISHUTTLE

IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT, HOIST? WHERE'S SUNSTREAKER?

AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, EITHER SWERVE JUST FELL UNCONSCIOUS.

I WAS ABOUT TO GET CRUSHED BY THE DECEPTICONS' TOP FOUR PSYCHOS AND THEY JUST—THEY JUST FADED AWAY!

I'M SERIOUS! MEGATRON, OVERLORD, SHOCKWAVE AND SIXSHOT—ALL OF THEM—AND THEY COMBINED!

SWERVE'S WORST NIGHTMARE FIRST TARN, THEN THE COMBINER...

WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

I'M THINKING... THAT THIS PLANET IS PROTECTED BY A PHOBIA SHIELD.

A PHOBIA SHIELD! BRILLIANT! EXCEPT I DON'T KNOW WHAT ONE OF THOSE IS...

IT READS THE MIND OF AN INDIVIDUAL AND TRANSLATES THEIR DEEPEST FEARS INTO TANGIBLE THREATS.

"THE GALACTIC COUNCIL CREATED IT SO THAT ORGANIC RACES COULD DEFEND THEIR PLANETS AGAINST ALL OF US 'WARLIKE' CYBERTRONIANS. AND IT WORKED—UNTIL SOMEONE INVENTED ORBITAL INHIBITORS TO COUNTER THE ILLUSION...."

"THAT MUST BE WHY THE DECEPTICONS NEVER SETTLED HERE. THEY FLED AFTER BEING ATTACKED BY 'AUTOBOTS' CREATED BY THE PHOBIA SHIELD."

BUT THE DECEPTICON COMBINER EVAPORATED...

AROUND ABOUT THE TIME, NO DOUBT, THAT SWERVE PASSED OUT. THE WEAPON WAS DRAWING INSPIRATION FROM HIS WAKING MIND.

WITH SWERVE OFFLINE, I IMAGINE IT'LL LATCH ON TO YOU OR ME.



HYKK!

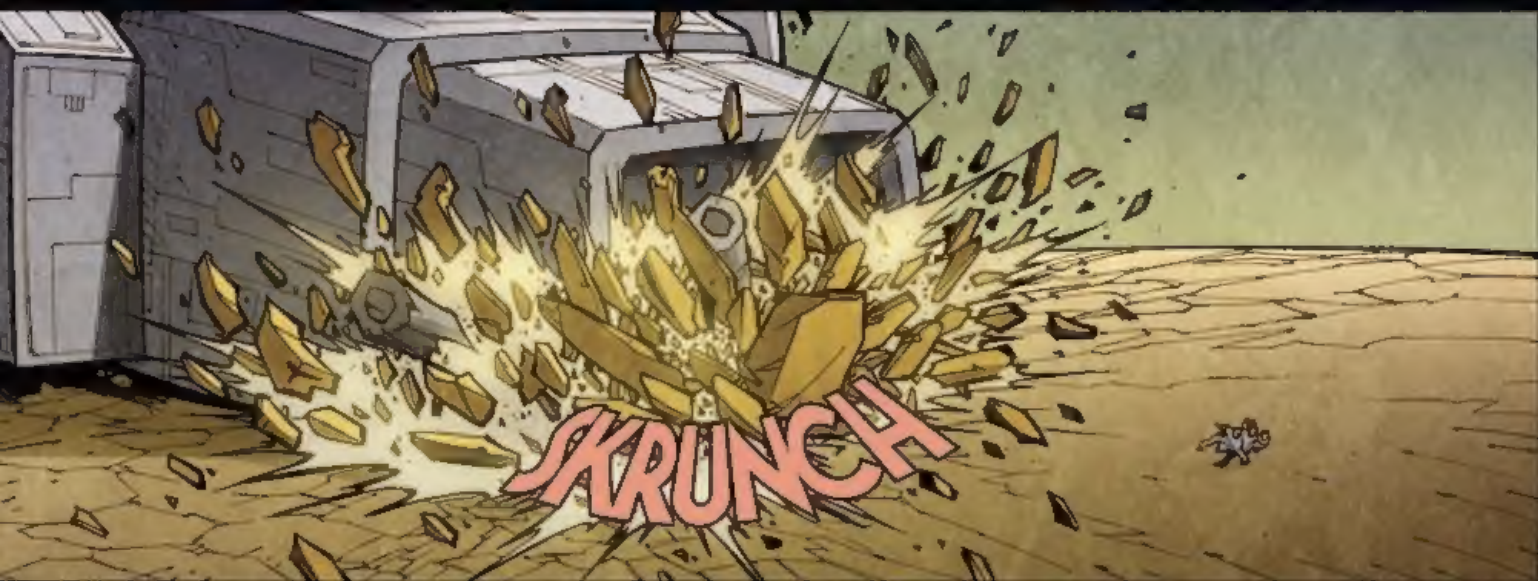
RRRUUMMBLEE

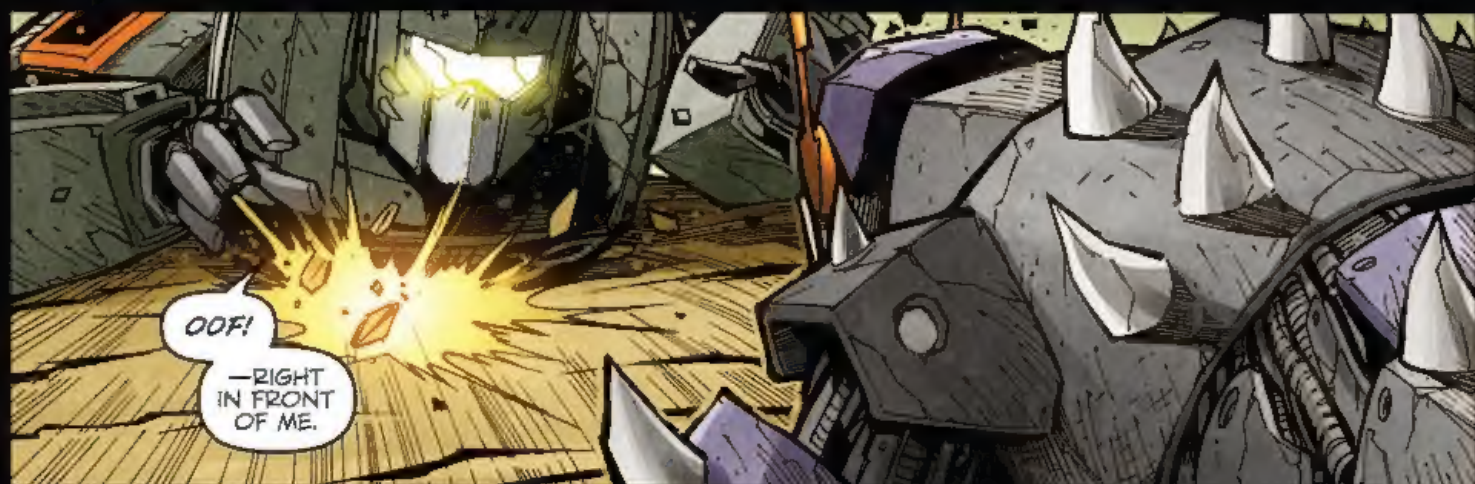


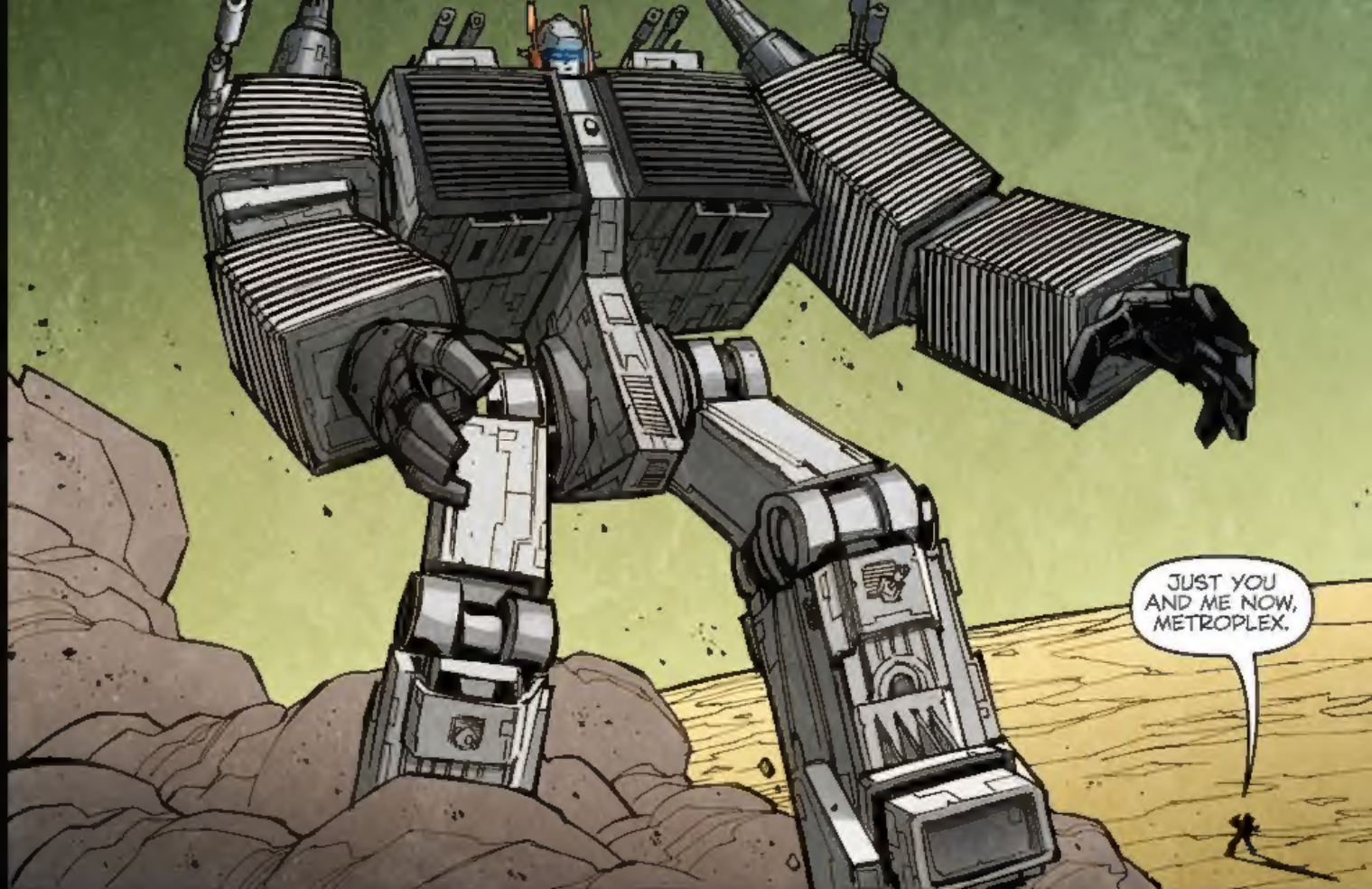
YOU'RE
WRONG,
PERCEPTOR. THE
PHOBIA SHIELD
HASN'T LATCHED
ONTO YOUR MIND,
OR MINE...



"IT'S LATCHED
ONTO BOB'S!"





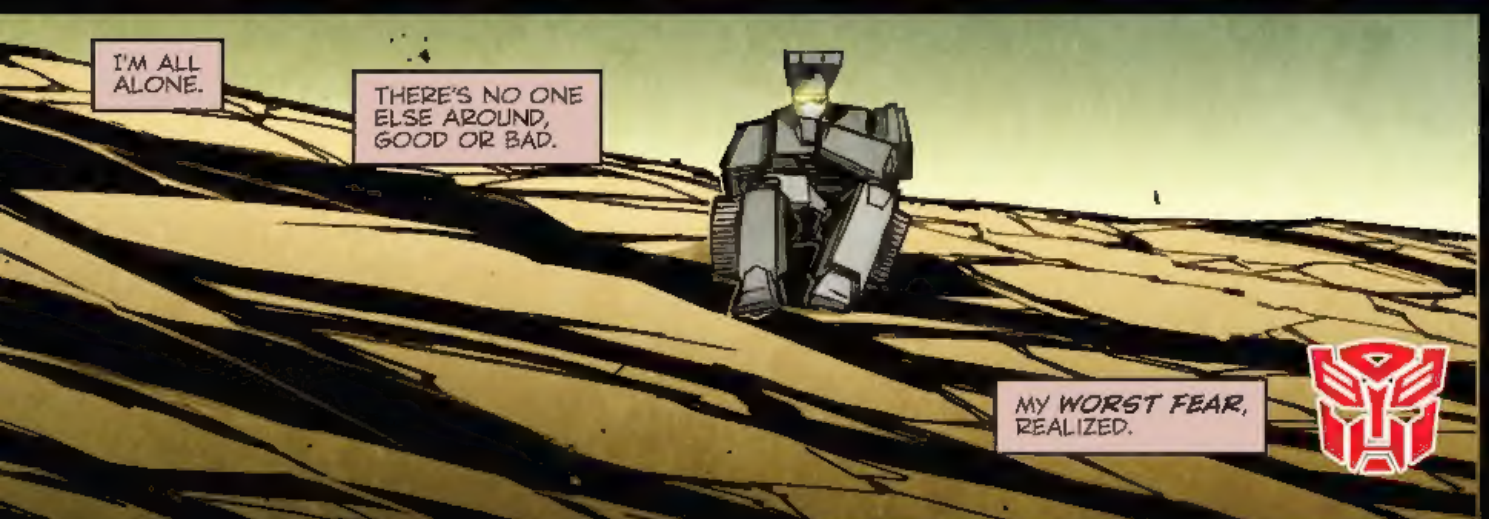


JUST YOU
AND ME NOW,
METROPLEX.



CORRECTION:
JUST ME.

THE ONLY
CONSCIOUS
CYBERTRONIAN
ON THE
PLANET.



I'M ALL
ALONE.

THERE'S NO ONE
ELSE AROUND,
GOOD OR BAD.

MY WORST FEAR,
REALIZED.

